

Wherever There Is You, I Will Be There Too by PixiePocket

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Summary:

What if Steve hadn't showed up in "The Upside Down"?

I completely adore this show and this pairing. I felt like I needed to contribute to the awesomeness.

Wherever There Is You, I Will Be There Too

Nancy's hands are soft.

It's the first thing that crosses Jonathan's mind as he watches her wrap the bandage around the aching wound of his own palm.

He wonders what they'd feel like in a gentle caress.

His eyes shift further up and linger on her lips. Plump and cherry coloured.

He wonders what they would feel like against his own.

He imagines her soft hands tugging at his hair. Lips nipping at his skin.

She finishes tending to his hand. Asks him if it's too tight? He tells her no. Thanks her.

His body hums with desire. Responding to her delicate touch.

Jonathan can only try to swallow down the need he has for her in that moment.

It's difficult. Especially when his gaze reaches her eyes. Nancy isn't looking back at him. Her stare is fixed on their fingers. Hers trailing over his own.

He knows she's hesitant to break contact. He feels the same.

"Nancy?" Her name leaves him before he has a chance to stop it. He doesn't even know what he wants to say to her.

He knows he wants to close his hand over hers and pull her to him.

"Yeah?" Nancy replies just above a whisper.

She's looking up now. Their eyes meet.

The thoughts of this plan going horribly wrong enter his head once

again.

What if he doesn't come out of his hell alive? Even worse. Nancy?

He's thinking about all the things he should be saying to her but he just can't force them out.

The words jumbled on his tongue.

But he doesn't want to regret. Not tonight.

Before he even realises what he's doing, Jonathan's fingers enclose over Nancy's and he's gently guiding her towards him.

She doesn't resist and the little bit of confidence he has, soars.

He leans in until they're barely inches apart.

His heart, it feels like a thousand silhouettes dancing on his chest

He's curious if she can hear it.

It's now or never he tells himself, closing the gap between them.

Their lips meet for the first time. Warm and willing. Soft.

It was only going to be a peck, that's really all he had hoped for. But her free hand is cupping the back of his neck, fingers tugging on the loose ends of his hair. He finds his hand settled on her face, thumb stroking faintly across her cheek.

Jonathan teases his tongue tenderly over the seam between her lips. He's wordlessly asking her permission to enter. Nancy grants it by opening her mouth.

It's a delicious combination of small tentative kisses and the rougher, more delectable sweep of his tongue around her mouth that has Nancy falling back on the couch.

She's dragging Jonathan with her. He falls into the cradle of her thighs without breaking another delicious kiss.

His longing for her is evidently pressed against her jean clad leg and

it's the wake up call they need.

Simultaneously they slowly pull away. Eyes flutter open. Back to reality.

Nancy stares up at him braced over her. She reaches up to tuck some of the hair behind his ear. She doesn't like it when he hides behind it. She wants to see him looking at her. She likes the way he looks at her.

And she smiles.

He wears fear in his expression at first. Fear of her regret. But she smiles and the feeling washes away.

Dipping down, Jonathan presses his forehead against hers. He can't help but feel hopeful.

The lights begin to flicker.

He jumps up from Nancy's embrace. Extends his hand out to help her up.

She grabs the gun. He grabs the bat.

It's time.